REVOLUTION 69 / marcuse .... P. 8

VANCOUVER FREE PRESS

GEORGIA STRAIGHT

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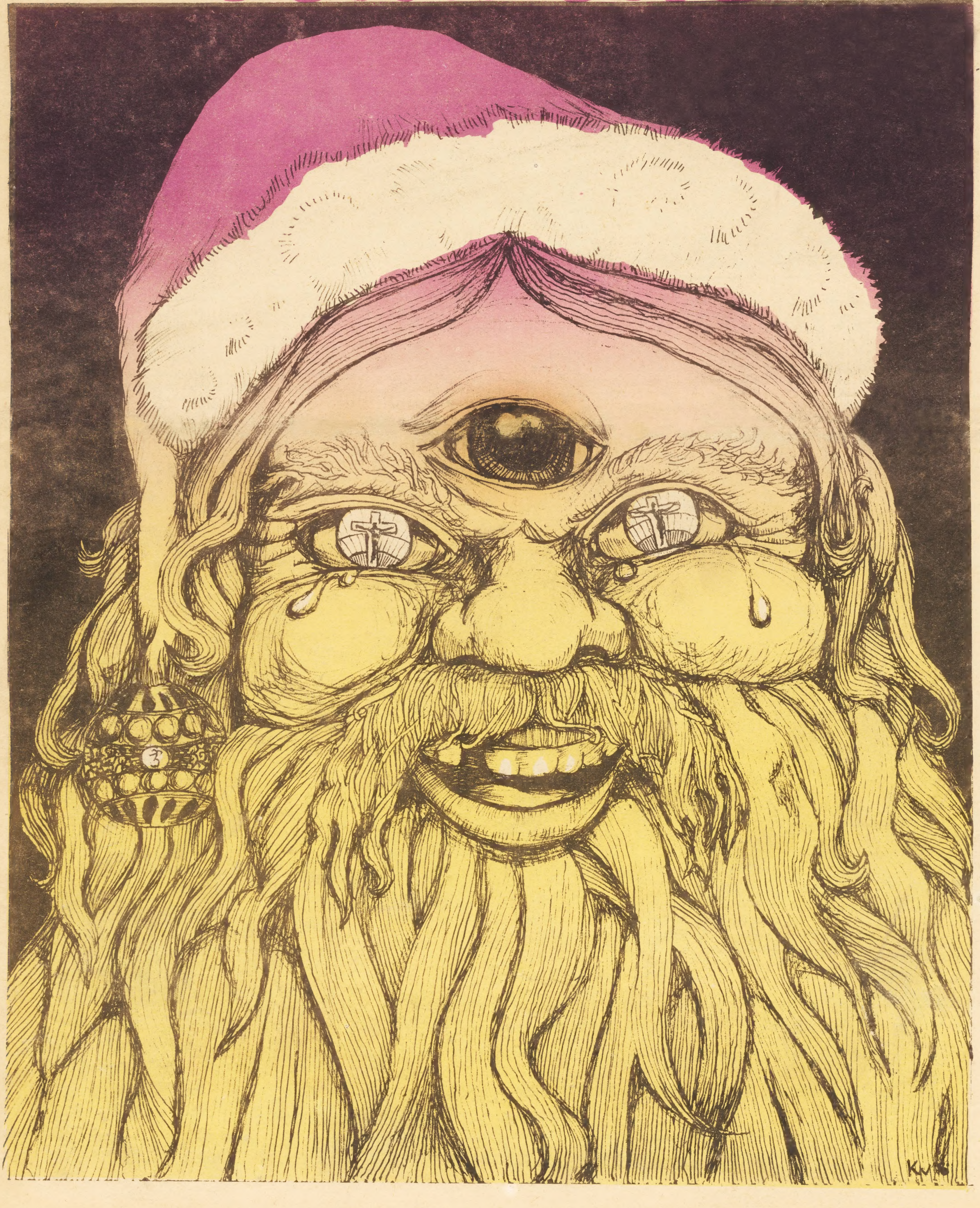
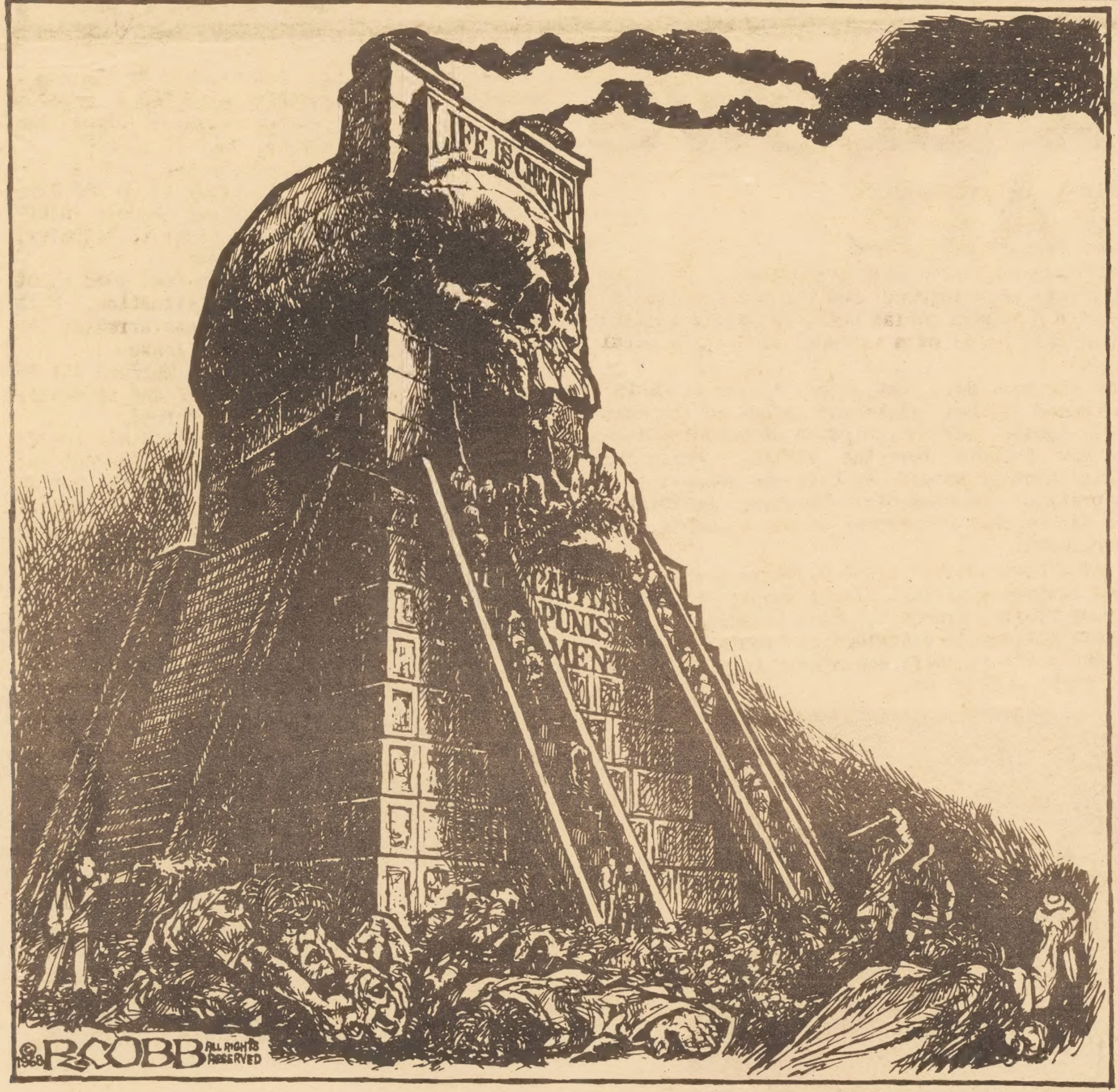
Vol 2 No 42

Dec 20, 68 - Jan 2, 69





Georgia Straight

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GEORGIA STRAIGHT is published weekly on Fridays, except bi-weekly from December to March, by *Georgia Straight Publishing Ltd.* Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash.

Following this edition, the STRAIGHT will be published every second Friday until we feel up to going weekly again. Remember, the STRAIGHT IS PUBLISHED by, of, and for the community. Your contributions, letters, suggestions and support are not only welcomed, but necessary.
MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR

ELMORE

I have been sitting here trying to think about something nice to write about this week instead of the same old bitching, but I can't I am sorry to say. If I can't give you something good then baby here comes the shit.

I was sitting in our house the other day after a discouraging visit to the Island when it all started to happen. You'd have thought that our street had suddenly looked like the police station at shift change. They started to give every kid in the area hassles. Is it true that Tom has started to use his big stick that he thinks the people of Vancouver have given him? It sounds like bullshit to me baby. Anyway about an hour later we had a couple of kids that were under age and needed a place to stay so we got in touch with one of the night duty workers from the Childrens Aid and she came over to try to find these kids a place to stay. When she arrived I sent the kids over to her car and at the same time up drove a bunch of COPS (please note the fact that there is a difference between cops and policemen) who put the arm on them. At this point there were three instead of just the original two. They hustled these kids off to jail in the bun wagon and then asked me for a fourth. Ray and I went over to the house and went in to see if there was such a person. There was in fact no such a person anywhere on our property and we then informed these "Super Sleuths" of this fact, and they then went away. About an hour later they were back ,this time with a search warrant that said they wanted and had the right to search the premises of 1820 West 7th Ave. This is the address of our staff house and they thought it was that of our communications center. We could have said no and made them go back for one to search this building (1822 W. 7th) but we try to co-operate with the police as long as they do not infringe on our personal and individual rights as Canadian citizens. We even went so far as to ask the kids to co-operate with these people. After they had searched the house they searched the grounds about the house. When they were ready to leave one of the cops asked me what my name was. I refused to answer because of the fact that under the law I do not have to tell him or show him any identification while on private property. This got him up-tight and it hurt his dignity so he said that if I didn't tell him he would charge me with trespassing. I immediately said Horse shit this is in fact our property and you can't. After some very hasty words he left in a huff. But as I figured, they checked out all the names on the list and came up with some real winners. They came back to pick up a couple of kids that were wanted on misdemeanors.I thought that they would come back again but alas they did not.

Well kiddies that's all for this week so tune in again next week for another exciting true story in the life of Cool-Aid.

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AND MERRY CHRISTMAS
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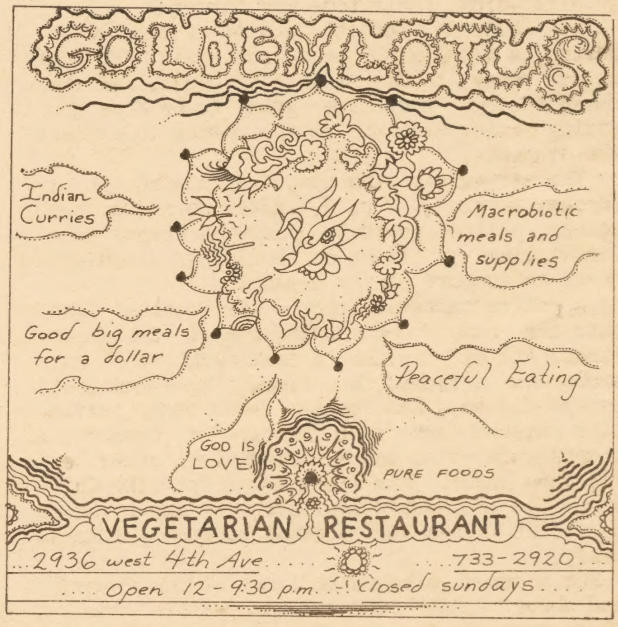

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I am looking forward to catering to old and new customers in 1969
at the same reasonable admisson.
The Management

HAYAKAWA BLOWS FRISCO STATE

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS)—While Black, White and third-world radical students continue militant struggle in the student strike at San Francisco State College, much of the established Black leadership of the Bay area has mobilized itself in support of the strike.

Students have avoided confrontations leading to mass arrests by using a variety of tactics. But as hundreds of heavily armed cops invaded the campus, close combat between cops and students took place, leading to injuries of both cops and students and dozens of arrests.

Several off-campus Black leaders, who were the first invited to the campus by the Black Student Union (BSU), met with the college's new president, S.I. Hayakawa on Dec. 4. Hayakawa stormed out of the meeting, however, and when the Black leaders held a press conference shortly afterwards, their tone was forceful.

SAN FRANCISCO STATE, the updated version of a garrison university. The cops daily guard the buildings, preventing demonstrators entrance, on Vancouver-born Hayakawa's orders to keep the university open and running. Peoples' International News Service/LNS.

Dr. Carleton Goodlett, editor of the Sun-Reporter, a local Black newspaper, said: "Some of us are ready to die in this struggle. If this doesn't stop, there are going to be some gun-toting senior citizens on the campus to protect the students."

The struggle on the campus escalated sharply Tuesday morning, Dec. 3, after Hayakawa vowed to use police power to keep the campus open. Picket lines in front of buildings asked students to support strike demands.

A police captain directed his Tactical Squad onto the campus and toward one of the picket lines. All of a sudden, a contingent of 15 cops broke and attacked the line. Those who could escape did so, but others were badly beaten. Cops pursued some into the crowded Commons, a campus cafeteria, and arrested eight after beating them badly. The scene was a lot like Chicago. The administration strategy was to break up picket lines and prevent us from holding a rally.

But a crowd gathered in front of the Commons and about 2,500 listened as Willie Brown, a State Assemblyman, the Rev. Cecil Williams, a minister, and Ron Dellums, a city councilman from Berkeley, made speeches in support of the strike.

The students and their supporters decided to march on the Behavioral and Social Science building, but the "Tack" Squad appeared from two directions. The crowd dispersed and regrouped, continually battling the cops for more than an hour. Windows were broken. Furniture was smashed. Students used the legs of chairs and tables as weapons. The cops, swinging clubs, attacked in a variety of formations.

By the end of the day, 43 persons were arrested, including one faculty member. Many were charged with felonies such as aggravated assault, and are still in jail. Several students were injured, some with concussions. At least five cops were injured. One cop was hospitalized with a broken collar bone, an injury suffered at the hands of a student wielding a metal pipe.

On the next day, Wed., Dec. 4, the students abandoned picket lines and stuck to the mass rally tactic for the purposes of building morale and support for the strike. While the strike clearly seemed to have the support of a majority of the students, Hayakawa reiterated his claims that 90 percent of the students were in classes.

At a noon rally, 5,000 students gathered to hear several visiting Blacks speak. These included Terry Francois, San Francisco County Supervisor, once described as "Tom's Tom," who joined Black teachers and others in vowing that the fight will go on.

The cops stood by, 600 strong, as the Black Student Union leadership directed a massive march around the campus several times, the crowd chanting "ON STRIKE, SHUT IT DOWN!"

The police then pronounced the assembly illegal, and threatened to break it up and make arrests. When the city's black leaders intervened, the cops repeated the order to disperse. The BSU made a decision to leave.

The people here continue to feel good about choosing new tactics in a new situation. When the cops seemed ready to make mass arrests, the students decided it was time to leave.

Later, Hayakawa invoked the Mulford Act to close the campus to all but staff and students, but this was not immediately enforced.

San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto has identified himself closely with Hayakawa.The duo appeared on a half—hour CBS broadcast, but as they talked, the screen showed film footage of cops manhandling students on the campus. Alioto was asked to comment on alleged reports of police brutality, and he said he had "impartial observers" making reports to him. He later said these observers were members of the working press, which wasn't surprising, given the hardline coverage that has been characteristic of the local press.

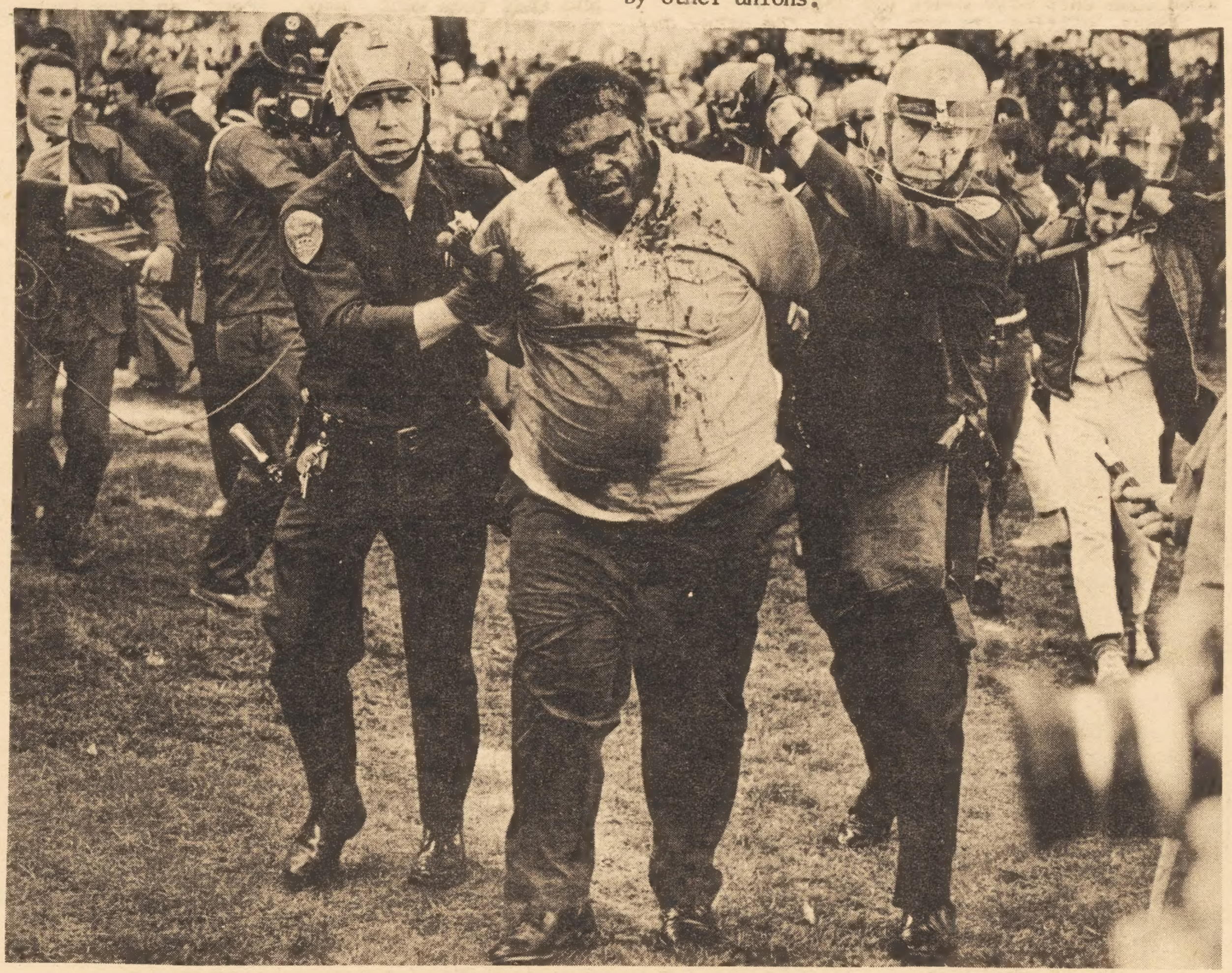
A group of conservative students calling themselves the Committee for an Academic Environment gained the support of the campus and city officialdom. On campus, however, their partisans, wearing blue armbands, seemed to be mostly athletes and not more than a hundred at that.

The faculty continues to be upset at the appointment of Hayakawa by the trustees—done without any reference to the faculty presidential selection committee. The head of the academic senate, Prof. Leo McClatchy, challenged Hayakawa to a debate—but there was no response.

Hayakawa is hardly a sympathetic figure. Many describe him as "crazy". When he was appointed, one reporter was unable to find anyone, student or professor, who was enthusiastic about the choice.

A group called the Ad Hoc Japanese American Committee Concerned With the San Francisco State Crisis, representing solid citizen Japanese-Americans in San Francisco, said that Hayakawa is not representative of the community.

On campus, the American Federation of Teachers resolved to seek strike sanction from the Central Labor Council of the AFL-CIO. In the case a professor's strike is called, teacher picket lines are almost certain to be honoured by other unions.



Cops use their new long thin night sticks in ingenious ways (notice neck hold on right).

Though such bloody confrontations have occurred almost daily, militants have used mobile hit and run tactics to avoid mass martyrdom, giving themselves time and means to build a mass base on the campus. Peoples' International News Service/LNS.

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COPE IN 69

BY ALDERMAN HARRY RANKIN

My sincere thanks to the many hundreds of people who campaigned on my behalf during the recent civic election campaign and to the over 52,000 voters who elected me to my second term on City Council.

The Vancouver Sun predicted editorially just before the election that the Committee of Progressive Electors (COPE) would elect so few candidates that they "may be able to caucus with ease in a phone booth". That prediction turned out to be only too true. I was the only COPE candidate to be elected. But then, the Sun didn't do too well with its own candidates. In spite of extravagantly generous publicity, the Sun-backed TEAM candidates elected only five candidates and it wouldn't take such a big phone booth to hold them.

COPE made a good showing, I think, considering that it was a new group, little known to electors, and that it received scant publicity in the daily press. It did succeed in focusing attention on key issues such as housing, rapid transit, freeways, expansion of educational facilities and reduction in taxes.

COPE plans to become a year round organization, participating actively in civic affairs. That is a good thing. I've always been a firm believer in the idea that candidates aspiring to public office should earn the right to run for civic office through public service in community groups.

Certainly there won't be any lack of issues in 1969. Already plans are afoot to give the CPR $15 million worth of city owned land on False Creek for $3 million. Real estate interests, including the CPR, are pressing for freeways through our downtown area. Early in the New Year we will be faced with another increase in taxes on homes, as well as rent hikes. Housing is as desperately needed as ever, as are rental regulations to protect tenants.

These are all good issues for COPE to take up. With the active backing of the NDP, trade unions, homeowners and tenants, it could become a powerful and constructive force in civic life. 1969 could be an exiting year for Vancouver.

I would like to wish you all a happy holiday season. Good luck in the New Year, and here's hoping we'll see you many times at Council with a delegation.

JOHNNY FLAG & THE WELFARE COMMANDOES

george bowering

Probably the funniest looking superstar in Canada is Jean Drapeau, jolly frog mayor of Montreal, the country's metropolis. He & Nancy Green, who share similar political & economic views, have also been sharing the color-photo spreads in the Canadian magazines and weekend puke sheets. In fact, after reading all the propaganda, a lot of citizens have been getting the idea that Montreal would still be a pretty little town with a lot of domed churches if it hadn't been for the energy & enterprise blah blah, of lil Jean.

Money talks in Mtl, and the mayor is bilingual. So he got us Expo, a subway that stops just before Westmount (where Liberal Politics starts), a major leak baseball team, and now he's after the Olympics. He provides us with all the big fun spectacles. His motto is "it's been a business to do pleasure with you." The "pleasure" refers to the way he's been screwing the people who don't own things.

The most beautiful image of what I mean is the Drapeau fences. These were gaily painted fences that encircled the most obvious slum areas and ghettoes in the city while thousands of Americans were visiting for Expo. There was a lot of immigration. The fences around the Chinatown slums showed kitschy oriental designs, red & black paint and upturned edges. Fun. It sort of took people's minds off the fact that the only park next to the lower-city slums had been turned into part of the world's fair. The kids who formerly limped there had to return to world's rotten.

Well, ti-Jean's done it again, concerning another one of his spectaculars, the tax-contribution plan that relentless reporters insist on calling a lottery. The lottery is used to raise money protect the business concerns who threaten to leave Quebec if their tax-protection is taken away in Go City. Someone has to pay for all the other spectaculars that put the city in debt. It might as well be the same little people who have been giving their potato money to the golden churches all these decades.

The fact that the higher courts have called the lotteries illegal doesn't deter the mayor. He replies with his "skill-testing" questions for people that draw the lucky tickets. They get asked questions such as "What is the name of the major city on Montreal Island?"

But now, competitors are trying to get in on the act, by starting little lotteries of their own, and the city and its police are acting quickly. The trouble is that not all these Jean-y come lately's are interested in big business. Some of them are interested in social reform that goes beyond fence-fixing.

The latest organization to get raided by the city cops is REHAB, a group that started a little lottery to bring financial aid to rehabilitation of ex-convicts & persons needing psychiatric help. J.J. Pelletier, the president of REHAB, announced that he would continue the program despite the fact that Jean Drapeau now holds 100,000 of the scheme's tickets.

The Montreal press leaves no doubt about whose side they're on, & what part of the city they operate in. The southam-owned Gazette headlined the pig-raid this way; EX CONS' LOTTERY CLOSED BY POLICE.

The Circus
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SLEEPY JOHN
SUN.:
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THE ADDLED RETIRWEPYT

BY BOB CUMMINGS

A DAY OF PEACE
A DAY OF LOVE

As surprising as it may sound to the devout, Christmas is no longer a Christian monopoly. What began two thousand years ago as a secular celebration to mark the birth of a religious founder has now become an occasion for all men - of any religion or none - to pause and contemplate their relationship to the human species.

In Vietnam, Buddhist as well as Christian will obey a semi-halt in the murdering of people for a few hours. In Moscow and Washington, the leaders who dictate death and war and occupation and the continuance of hate will gather with their families in the name of love. For a few sparse and fragile hours, the machinery of war and the vast industrial complex that produces it will be quiet. In countries around the world, someone will not die, someone will not be crippled or mutilated, someone will not suffer the loss of a loved one. If for no other reason, this is sufficient excuse to be thankful for Christmas.

Considering the history of the human race with its incessant love of war, dedication to conquest and greed, intolerance, slavery, murder and sadism, the real miracle of Christmas is that it still contains some small traces of the credo of love and peace proposed by its name-sake. To be consistent with the traditions of both the Western culture and the Christian religious establishment, the occasion would have to be celebrated by at least a purge of the "unbelievers" and at most a full scale "holy" war.

Except to the "true" believers, the real wonder of Christmas is that it is celebrated at all. In one regard, the existence of a day of peace in a year of war bears the markings of hypocrisy. But in another-- and hopefully meaningful - respect, that one day without purposeful death could mean that the human race is capable of a destiny other than its own destruction.

Despite its religious foundation, Christmas has become the property of people to be used, and enjoyed, each to his own kind. To the Christian, it is a day with his God...to the worker, it is a day with his family...to the soldier, it is a day of peace...and to some unknown man or woman or child in places like Vietnam, it is a day of life that would have been lost had not an aircraft pilot or gunner been eating his turkey dinner instead of flying a mission. For this reason, the humanist, the athiest, the agnostic who feels love for his fellow human beings should be thankful for Christmas.

For the cynic, there are a few dates as vulnerable as December 25. By any criteria, Christmas has been distorted to fit every plastic image of every plastic society. Saint Nicholas has become a multiplicity of costumed buffoons in every department store. Rememberances have come to mean a multi-million dollar industry of overpriced, over-decorated, over-pretentious gifts. Sociability can be bought by the quart, pint or case. Gaiety is having more outdoor lights than anyone on the block. Tradition comes at two dollars a foot, not counting the stand. And contentment is a half billion obese people rubbing their obscenely swollen stomachs and complaining of having eaten too much.

But, true as it is, even this cannot distract from the gentler spirit of Christmas. Along with the ugliness there was the beauty of people giving love to one another. Along with the greed there were coins dropped in a street-corner pot which gave an alcoholic a meal, a pair of clean socks and a brief feeling that he still belonged to the human race. Along with the overabundant piles of toys and gifts there was a basket of food for an indigent family and a meal for a child in Korea or Biafra or Vietnam. And, as already said, there was another day or life for some human being who would otherwise have died in war.

Too often, the critics of the Western Christian societies advocate the destruction of worthwhile customs and traditions because they are based on so much obvious hypocrisy. They, or we, deny the advent of technology because it is a product of the greed-money oriented system that created it. They, or we, decry programs of foreign aid because they are so clearly attempts to uphold corrupt governments and undermine the fight for democratic equality by the people in other countries. They, or we, are contemptuous of religious occasions such as Christmas because of the anti-humanistic nature of the established churches.

In this, they, or we, we are in danger of destroying a worthwhile idea because its intentions and direction have been corrupted. Rather than fighting technology, the object should be to make it serve for betterment of all people and not just a few. Instead of considering the end of foreign aid, we should be searching for ways to get it to the mass populations of other countries so that they can be better equipped to overthrow dictatorships and find their own forms of government. And for Christmas, we should strive to make it live up to the standards of love, peace and brotherhood on which it is supposedly based. The enemy is not the tool, but the way it is being used.

The object of the humanitarian revolutionary is not the destruction of a system per se, but the altering of that system to suit the needs of humanity. Technology can free people as well as enslave them...foreign aid can help an African or Asian to meet us as equals...Christmas can be used as a basis of peace and a start towards understanding.

merry christmas

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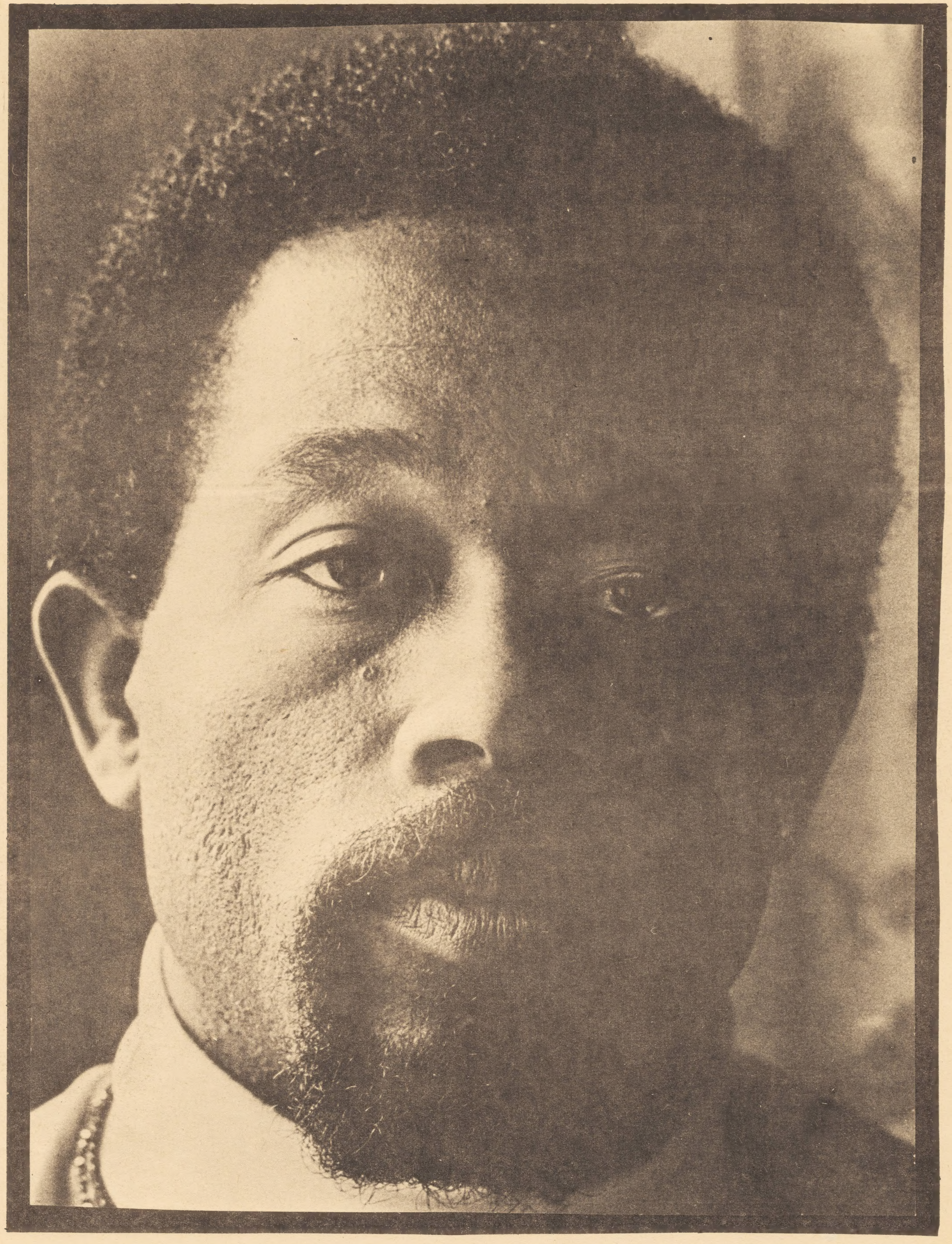


ELDRIDGE CLEAVERS CAPTURED

from the Peninsula Observor

Florida state police arrested Black Panther leader Eldridge Cleaver yesterday as he sat smoking a cigarillo and reading the Works of Chairman Mao in the lobby of the Hotel Fountain-bleu in Miami Beach. He is being held for extradition to California and has been charged with violating a statute which makes crossing state lines to save your life a federal offence.

However, California authorities are confused by reports that Cleaver has been arrested in 109 other communities and three foreign countries. Police in such widely flung cities as Boston, New York, Chicago and Elk Falls, Idaho, are deluging the San Francisco police with telegrams maintaining that they have one, and in some cases, "two, three, many" Eldridge Cleavers under lock and key.

Perhaps most baffeling is the fact that San Francisco' authorities themselves announced early yesterday that they had apprehended Cleaver as he sauntered into the Hall of Justice and asked a surprised officer where he could find the men's room.

San Francisco authorities later announced that they had been "mistaken" and that the man arrested had merely been wearing a "very convincing" rubber face mask made to look like Cleaver.

Since then the SFPD has arrested nine men for being Cleaver, seven "on suspicion of being Eldridge Cleaver," and one on a little-known ordinance against "impersonating a revolutionary hero."

All but four of those arrested have been released and charges against them dropped. Six have already filed suits of false arrest and are claiming a total of $4,250,000 in damages from the City.

"ARREST NO MORE CLEAVERS"

San Francisco police chief Thomas Cahill announced late yesterday afternoon that he had ordered an end to Cleaver's arrests.

"In the interest of fiscal responsibility," he explained, "I have issued standing orders not to arrest any Eldridge Cleavers for anything."

Early yesterday evening about 350 Eldridge Cleavers descended on San Francisco State College where they began occupying buildings. They brought with them 47 cartons of Cleaver masks to be given students and vowed to "Cleaverize" the college by dawn. Then they will democratize the school and open it to "all the little Cleavers of San Francisco," a spokesman said, "regardless of race, creed, or color."

In New York the Stock Exchange was closed minutes after its opening yesterday when brokers panicked as Cleavers of all sizes, shapes, sexes, and modes of dress appeared on the floor of the exchange. In Washington Congress recessed for the day after Cleavers filled the galleries.

Early reports from Vietnam indicate that battalions of Cleavers, many of them in Viet Cong and North Vietnamese uniforms, have moved to occupy U.S. installations throughout the country. Most American troops refuse to fire on "brother Eldridge," one Black serviceman explained.

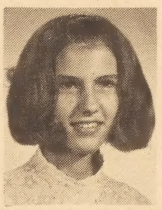
More and more Cleavers are appearing in the American ranks, he said. "The officers are freaking out," he said. "Especially when the whole platoon goes 'oink, oink' at him after he gives an order."

In Paris, American negotiators left yesterday's session of the peace talks after finding that their opposite numbers were all Eldridge Cleaver, only to discover that he was also chauffering their limousines.

President-elect Nixon is reported to be having a custom-made Cleaver mask prepared for him "just in case." But rumors in the revolutionary underground are that by the inauguration "we will all be Che."

Interviewed wearing a Jerry Rubin mask on the TWA jetliner he charmed out of its normal path into a run for East-of-the-Sun/West-of-the-Moon, the nation's Minister of Flight, Pundit Plato, told newsmen that it came as no surprise to him that increasing numbers of Americans are "dropping their masks and discovering themselves for what they are."

The emergence of thousands of Eldridge Cleavers should not astonish Americans, the Pundit said, since the American father is continually exhorting his sons to "be a man," while the American mother is constantly sending the boy outside "to get a little color in your cheeks."



NAME: MARY SUSAN HIBBERT
AGE: 14
DATE OF BIRTH: 12 May 1954
HEIGHT: 5 feet 6 inches
WEIGHT: 100 pounds
COLOR OF EYES: Brown
COLOR OF HAIR: Brown
COMPLEXION: Olive
DESCRIPTION: Shoulder length hair; probably worn in "Electric" or straight style. Parted in middle. Appears brown; to "mouse" brown. Slender in build to emaciated depending on length of stay away from home. When last seen, was wearing green bell bottom corduroy pants, boys faded olive green, fleece lined waist length jacket; white fisherman knit sweater; gold turtle neck "T" shirt; brown saddle stitched, laced shoes, and carrying a white shoulder strap bag, approximately 10 inches by 14 inches in size.
Is stooped in posture; appears 2 inches shorter than actual height.
CONTACT INFORMATION
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REVOLUTION '69

Herbert Marcuse

(Editors note; The following is the complete text of a talk given by Herbert Marcuse at the 20th anniversary program of the Guardian, the New York radical weekly newspaper, as taped by Radio Free People and transcribed by Liberation News Service. Marcuse was introduced by Bernadine Dohrn, Inter-organizational Secretary of SDS, who called him, "a writer, philosopher, a man who the New York Times called 'the ideological leader of the New Left.'")

I'm not responsible for what the New York Times calls me. I never claimed to be the ideological leader of the left and I don't think the left needs an ideological leader. And there is one thing the left does not need, and that's another father image, another daddy. And I certainly don't want to be one.

There's one thing, I would like to resume what Carl (Oglesby) just said. We cannot wait and we shall not wait. I certainly cannot wait. And not only because of my age. I don't think we have to wait. And even I, I don't have any choice. Because I literally couldn't stand it any longer if nothing would change. Even I am suffocating.

I want to give you today as realistic a picture of the situation of the left as I can think of. This will require some theoretical reflection for which I do not really apologize, because if the left gets allergic against theoretical consideration, there's something wrong with the left. (Applause)

Let me start by pointing out the two contradictions with which our movement--and I say our --is faced. On the one hand, we all feel, we experience, we have it in our bones, that this society is getting increasingly repressive, destructive, of the human and natural capabilities to be free, to determine one's own life, to shape one's own life without exploiting others.

MODELS FOR CHANGE

And we--let us not only mean we here in this room, it means all those who are repressed, who are enslaved by their jobs, by the unnecessary and still so necessary performancesthat are required from them, by the morality that is required from them, all those who are exploited by the internal and external colonization policy of this country--this large we, in bad need of change, but, on the other hand, I think we have to admit that in large part if not the majority of this population does not really feel, is not aware, is not politically conscious of this need for change. This presents, as I can see it, the first great problem for our strategy.

The second great problem for our strategy--we are constantly faced with the demands, "What is the alternative?" "What can you offer us that is better than what we have?" I do not believe that we can simply brush aside this question by saying, "What is necessary is to destroy; afterwards we will see what comes." We cannot for one very simple reason. Because our goals, our values, our own and new morality, our own morality, must be visible already in our actions. The new human beings who we want to help to create--we must already strive to be these human beings right here and now. (Applause)

LIBERTARIAN SOCIALISM

And that is why we cannot simply brush this question aside. We must be able to show, even in a very small way, the models of what may one day be a human being. But the alternative, precisely in these terms, I still believe the alternative is socialism. But socialism neither of the Stalinist brand nor of the post-Stalinist brand, but that libertarian socialism which has always been the integral concept of socialism, but only too easily repressed and supressed.

Now, if this is the alternative, how do we transmit it, because people will look around and will say, "Show us, where is this kind of socialism?" We will say, it is perhaps, it is probably going to be built up in Cuba. It is perhaps being built up in China. It is certainly fighting in Vietnam (against) the supermonster. But they will look around and say, "No, this isn't socialism. Socialism, as we see it, socialism is what we have in the Soviet Union. Socialism is the invasion of Czechoslovakia." Socialism, in other words, is a crime.

And how can we meet this contradiction? The two contradictions which I just outlined, I think, can be telescoped into one. Radical change without a mass base seems to be unimaginable. But the obtaining of a mass base--at least in this country--and the forseeable future--seems to be equally unimaginable. What are we going to do with this contradiction?

The answer seems to be very easy. We have to try to get this support. We have to try to get this mass base. But here we meet the limits of democratic persuasion with which we are confronted today. Why the limits? Because a large, perhaps a decisive, part of the majority, namely the working class, is to a great extent integrated into the system, and on a rather solid basis, and not only superficially. It is certainly not integrated forever.

Nothing is forever in history.

And the contradictions of corporate capitalism are more serious than ever before. But this does not and cannot and should not foster the illusion that such an integration, temporary integration, has indeed taken place, that it can be loosened only if the contradictions within the system become more aggravated. They do. We have seen it during the last years and it is our task--since such a disintegration will never happen automatically--it is our task to work on it.

MEDIA AS APPARATUS OF SUPPRESSION

The second item--why we are here faced with the limits of democratic persuasion--is the mere fact that the left has no adequate access to the media of mass communication.

Today, public opinion is made by the media of mass communication. If you cannot buy the equal and adequate time, if you cannot buy the equal and adequate space, how are you supposed to change public opinion, a public opinion made in this monopolistic way.

The consequence: we are, in this pseudo-democracy, faced with a majority which seems to be self-perpetuating, which seems to reproduce itself as a conservative majority immune against radical change. But the same circumstances that militate against democratic persuation also militate against the development of a revolutionary centralized mass party, according to the traditional model. You cannot have such a party today, not only because the apparatus of suppression is infinitely more effective and powerful than it ever was before, but even more and perhaps most so, because centralization today does not seem to be the adequate way of working for change and obtaining change. I will come back to it in a few moments.

TEMPORARY STABILIZATION

Here I want to add one more thing. I said that the contradictions of corporate capitalism today are as serious as ever before, but we have immediately to add that today that the resources of corporate capitalism are equally strong and they are daily strengthened by the cooperation, or shall I say, the collusion, between the United States and the Soviet Union. What we are faced with, and I think this is one of the old fashioned terms, we should save and recapture, is a temporary stabilization of the capitalist system, a temporary stabilization, and in any period of temporary stabilization, the task of the left is a task of enlightenment, a task of education, the task of developing a political consciousness.

I would like to discuss under three headings very briefly the target of the strategy of the New Left, the methods and finally, the organization of the New Left. First, as to the target we are faced with a novelty in history, namely with the prospect or with the need for radical change, revolution in and against a highly developed technically advanced industrial society, which is at the same time a well-functioning and cohesive society. This historical novelty demands a re-examination of one of our most cherished concepts. I can here of course only give you a kind of catalog of such re-examination.

First, the notion of the seizure of power. Here, the old model wouldn't do any more. That for example. in a country like the United States, under the leadership of a centralized

and authoritarian party, large masses concentrate on Washington, occupy the Pentagon and set up a new government, seems to be a slightly too unrealistic and utopian picture (laughter).

We will see that what we have to envisage is some kind of diffuse and dispersed disintegration of the system, in which interest, emphasis and activity is shifted to local and regional areas.

THE NEED FOR LOCAL ACTION

The second concept that should be re-examined is the role of the working class. And here I would like to say a few words to one of the most defamed notions today, namely the concept of the new working class. I know what can be said against it, and what has been said against it. It seems to me that the concept of the new working class simply comprehends and anticipates tendencies that are going on before our own eyes in the material process of production in capitalism, namely that more and more highly qualified salaried employees, technicians, specialists, and so on, occupy a decisive position in the material process of production. And even in orthodox Marxian terms, just in this way become members of the industrial working class. What we see, I submit to you, is an extension of the potential mass base over and beyond the traditional industrial working class to the new working classes that extend the range of the exploited.

Now this extension, which indicates a large but very diffuse and dispersed mass base, changes the relationship between what we may call leading minorities of cadres of the left, politically militant, and the mass. What we can envisage is not, as I said, this large centralized and coordinated movement, but local and regional political action against specific grievances--riots, ghetto rebellions and so on, that is to say, certainly mass movements, but mass movements which in large part are lacking political consciousness and which will depend more than before on political guidance and direction by militant leading minorities.

IMAGINATION

A few words on the strategy of the New Left. To the degree to which the pseudo-democratic process, with the semi-monopoly of the conservative mass media, creates and constantly reproduces the same society and a largely immune majority, to that degree most political education and preparation go beyond the traditional liberalistic forms. Political activity and political education must go beyond discussion and writing. The Left must find the adequate means of breaking the conformist and corrupted universe of political language and political behavior. The Left must try to arouse the consciousness and conscience of the others, and breaking out of the language and behavior patterns of the corrupt political universe, a pattern which is imposed on all political activity, is an almost super-human task and requires an almost super-human imagination, namely the effort to find a language and to organize actions which are not part and parcel of the familiar political behavior, can perhaps communicate that what is here at work are human beings with different needs and different goals which are not yet and I hope never will be coopted.

In terms of the establishment and in terms of the rationality of the establishment, such behavior would and must appear as foolish, childish and irrational, but that may very well be the token that here is the attempt, and the at least temporarily successful attempt, to go beyond, to break out of the repressive universe of the established political behavior.

KEEP THE LEFT SPLIT

Now, last, to the organization of the New Left. I already mentioned the obsolescense of traditional forms of organization, for example, a parliamentary party. No party whatsoever can I envisage today which would not within a very short time fall victim to the general and totalitarian political corruption which characterizes the political universe. No political party, but also no revolutionary centralism and no underground—because both are all too easy victims to the intensified and streamlined apparatus of repression.

As against these forms, what seems to be shaping up is an entirely overt organization diffused, concentrated in small groups and around local activities, small groups which are highly flexible and autonomous.

I want to add one thing here that may almost appear as heretic—no immature unification of strategy. The left is split! The Left has always been split! Only the right, which has no ideas to fight for, is united! (much laughter).

Now the strength of the New Left may well reside in precisely these small contesting and competing groups, active at many points at the same time, a kind of political guerilla force in peace or in so-called peace, but, and this is I think the most important point, small groups, concentrated on the level of local activities, thereby foreshadowing what may in all likelihood be the basic organization of libertarian socialism, namely councils of small manual and intellectual workers, soviets, if one can still use the term and does not think of what actually happened to the soviets, some kind of what I would like to call, and I mean it seriously, organized spontaneity.

Let me say a few words on the alliance which I think should be discussed in the New Left. I would suggest not an alliance even with the Devil, as Lenin said, because the Devil today has become much too strong. He will eat us up. No alliance with liberals, who have taken over the job of the Un-American Committee (applause.) Who have taken over the job of the Un-American Committee in denouncing the Left, doing the job the Committee has not yet done, and I think I don't have to mention names, you know perfectly well. But instead, alliance with all those, whether bourgeois or not, who know that the enemy is on the right, and who have demonstrated this knowledge.

Let me come to the summary of the perspectives for the New Left. I believe, and this is not a confession of faith, I think this is at least to a great extent based on what you may call an analysis of the facts. I believe that the New Left today is the only hope we have. It's task—to prepare itself and the others, not to wait or to prepare today, yesterday and tomorrow, in thought and in action, morally and politically, for the time when the aggravating conflicts of corporate capitalism dissolve its repressive cohesion and open a space where the real work for libertarian socialism can begin. The prospects for the next year, the prospects for the New Left are good if the New Left can only sustain its present activity. There are always periods of regression. No movement can progress at the same pace; sustaining our activity would already be a success.

THE INFANTILE RADICALS

And, a word on a friend or enemy on the left. Those who denounce especially the young of the New Left—those who fight for the great refusal, those who do not conform to the fetishism and the fetishist concepts of the Old Left and the Old Liberals—those who denounce them as infantile radicals, snobbish intellectuals, and who in denouncing them, invoke Lenin's famous pamphlet; I suggest to you that this is a historical forgery. Lenin struck out against radicals who confronted a strong revolutionary mass party. Such a revolutionary mass party does not exist today. The Communist Party has become and is becoming a party of order, as it itself called itself. In other words the shoe is today on the other foot. In the absence of a revolutionary party, these alleged infantile radicals are, I believe, the weak and confused but true historical heirs of the great socialist tradition.

You all know that their ranks are permeated with agents, with fools, with irresponsibles. But they also contain the human beings, men and women, black and white, who are sufficiently free from the aggressive and repressive inhuman needs and aspirations of the exploitive society sufficiently free from them in order to be free for the work of preparing a society without exploitation. I would like to continue working together with them as long as I can.

Dec 24
440
see more
here's my mommy
there's my mommy

POPPIN'

AL SORENSEN

This is a long one, gang, so bear with me..if you're wondering what to get that teenage freak who still believes in Santa, there are some exceptionally good l.p.'s out this month and at very reasonable prices. Which brings us to the news that a second discount record store has opened in town. International Discount Records started business last week with the lowest prices ever offered locally. The Beatles new one was cut to $6.89, forcing the previously unrivalled A&B Sound to do the same. The Stones "Beggars Banquet" was down to $2.86 and so was Gordon Lightfoot. The Greatest Hits of Chuck Berry sold for a mere $1.29. Rumour has it that the store is really a "decoy" set up by Kelly's to compete with and eventually discourage the el cheapo sales of A&B. (Mr. Kelly has reportedly offered $50,000 to the person or persons who manage to put A&B out of business.) But the manager at I.D.R. says, quite firmly, that this is not the case. He claims it is a part of a chain of such stores, with head offices in Toronto, and much like the retailer(Sam The Record Man) described in the last issue of Weekend magazine. He also assures us that he intends to stay and hopefully expand by selling albums at rock bottom prices. And rock bottom they are. Average cost of a recent release is $3.20 stereo, which is the kind of bargain that was at one time only available across the border. From here on, getting a decent record library doesn't necessarily mean selling your mother. How he does it is anybody's guess, but it is possible to order l.p.'s directly from the manufacturer at a cost of $2.50 plus duty. The man in charge goes on to say that "I plan to keep my prices the lowest in town, and will match everything by any other competitor." From the size of customer turn-out, it looks as if I.D.R. is going to be one hell of a success.

THE GOOD OL' DAYS THAT PRECEEDED THE ONSLAUGHT OF PSYCHEDELIC SEX; WHEN PEOPLE ACTUALLY MOVED TO THE MUSIC. (Life photo)

Big Mother (on Dunsmuir behind the bus depot) is shaping up to what may well become the best club on the scene, and rather than bullshit around, here are some random notes made during a brief visit:

-the sound/aucoustics are excellent.

-the heating (read hot,hot) is lousy, being the main cause for some lazy sets by the bands, as well as making the audience fall asleep.

-the "light show" leaves a lot to be desired, but it's going to be difficult to adjust it any other way. The red and blue spots itself do more to distract rather than add to the music.

-the atmosphere is a groove. Very friendly and very relaxed. Just the kind of place you'd go to pick up a broad or vica versa. The chicks are....hrumph.

-not the most comfortable seating, but Mark,the owner, is already planning improvements. And an adjacent restaurant is going to be in operation early next year. Plans are also afoot to have the bands who play at the Gardens head over to the B.M. (after 12 on fridays) for a jam session. Last friday, a surprised and very pleased crowd of people heard the Collectors (back in town for Xmas) going over some of their new material. In general, if you make it to the Mother even for just one night, it's a sure bet you'll be back again.

Earlier this year, Northwest Releasing started to set up weekend dances at Eagles Auditorium in Seattle, only to find that, while Saturday night gigs usually brought a large turnout of kids, Fridays were nothing. As a result, the people at N.R. decided to book their groups in Vancouver on Fridays and in Seattle on Sat. That way, they would stand a better chance of making some bread. A slight problem arose in finding a hall suitable for the size and type of crowd that would attend. The Gardens Auditorium was fianlly contracted because it had the required seating area, as well as a large dance floor which could be used for sitting, lying or jumping around on. A schedule of bands was arranged and the Moody Blues opened up the place to a small but happy audience of just over 500. SIDE TRACT-a number of years ago, for some strange reason, kids stopped dancing. With the increase in popularity of songs like "Eve of Destruction" and other "message" songs, lyrics became more important than music. It wasn't in to be watching American Bandstand anymore, and the frug, jerk, and watusi, etc. were suddenly corny as all hell. Music became an intellectual trip. Nowadays, it's not enough merely saying whether you like a record or not, you have to be able to explain why. But who gives a damn? If it goes thumpity thump and makes you feel good, that's all that *really* matters. Today, it isn't enough just jerking your ass up there,you have to be a competent musician doing your own material. And you know...it's kinda sad in a way. Fellow bubblegummers will nostalgically recall getting stoned by flopping their arms in the air and stomping the floor at Buddy Clydes Dance Party, and then tuning in Victorias Club Six to laugh at all those guys in their white socks and black shoes making asses of themselves (yourself included). Or being scorned out for trying to do the Freddy to the tune of"What the World Needs Now.." at the high school prom. Remember when Star Weekly came out with a big expose on "dirty" lyrics and the sadistic inferences of "These Boots ARe Made For Walking" or the doing-it-to-the-beat-of-the-windshield-wipers bit in "Rhythm of the Rain"? Or the time that a Stones single was banned for using phrases like "half-assed"? Too much. Apparently, we were being corrupted instead of being entertained. Do you still have the deep emotional scars that drove you to promiscuity at the tender age of nine from hearing such tunes as "Satisfaction", "Norwegian Wood" and "Puff the Magic Dragon"? That last one was really a drug song, you know. Too, too much. Man, those were the good old days. When we were all ignorant as to what we were listening to and nobody gave a shit about how the other guy danced because we were too busy watching out own feet during a fox trot. Makes you feel kind of old, doesn't it? Anyway...if there's one band that can get you off your ass it's Creadance Clearwater Revival doing "Susie Q". They appear at the Gardens on Jan 3rd, so get your tickets...oh, by the way, did you know that ticket prices are a buck less than in Seattle? A wise promoter knew that the kids up here weren't the type that would or could fork over the $3.50 reserves, $4.50 at the door thing every weekend, so he knocked it down. Making it a pretty good value for a band that would normally be second bill at a Coliseum gig. The smart thing is to phone Famous Artists at the Bay and reserve a $2.50 ticket now. Depending on advance sales, the promoter will decide if it's worthwhile to actually bring in the promised band. As happens frequently in this town, only a small number of seats are sold a week ahead of the concert, which is a pretty good indication that you won't sell the necessary thousands or so an hour before the show. Advance sale for last weeks "black as night" music of Hugh Masekela was all of 10 (count 'em, ten) tickets.

Last time I tried to publicize a West Coast Prod. concert, it bombed. Hopefully, the same fate will not befall tomorrow nights appearance of the Chambers Brothers at the Coliseum.The Brothers and Buddy Miles Express (five guys from the now split Electric Flag whom every other group around looked up to) are ABSOLUTELY FANTASTIC! Yep, they're pretty good. Missing them is about the same as not going to the last set by Big Brother or turning that chick down because you think she's got the clap. You'll be sorry. On stage, the Express are apparently so good that they might steal the show in much the same way as the Fudge did at the Hendrix concert. The C.B.'s will have to work extra hard to outdo their second bill group. All together, four bands will appear. The others are Sweet Water and the once defunct Buffalo Springfield, reportedly a five man group of whom four are original members of the muchly (?) missed Springfield.

Gordon Lightfoot, whose new album "Back Here On Earth" is selling well all across Canada, is now vacationing in England. He goes there to rest up before starting on the college circuit down south and to get inspired. Last time Gordon visited the Isles, he wrote 18 songs in two weeks. Must be the air or something.

Sarah Vaughan at Isy's Supper Club Feb.10 for two weeks.

First album by Arthur Brown (Crazy World of) is a disappointment. Word has it that when Arthur plays here on Jan 5th he will share the billing with Julie Driscoll, Brian Auger and the Trinity. That, should be....something else.

Oh Terry, poor Terry. You've gone and got yourself all hung up. (let us hope that the next few lines will not be your obituary) It's about time that someone gave T.D. Mulligan a pat on the back and maybe a kick in the groin to wake him up. Sure, I know what you're gonna say about the ol' ego-trip bit and everything, but it's Yuletide so let's try and be a little kind. Face it, Terry is about the only d.j. who really cares. Cares about us kiddies (god, I'm beginning to write like Elmore) cares about the music, and above all, cares about the scene. He'll turn up at every Coliseum concert and do the notorious m.c.ing chores, whether he gets paid or not. He'll go out of his way in trying to get an interview with a performer and help any worthwhile event by publicizing it in his Province column, whether it gets read or not. True, sometimes he'll run off at the mouth while trying to tell us what's new and what's happening and what's groovy. Nevertheless.....

.....he does know what's going on and he is involved, which is a lot more than can be said for most of the radio people in this town. But lately, T.D.M. has gotten kinda fucked up. Ambitions, hopes and dreams got the better of him and he took leave of his A.M. duties so as to devote full time to his upcoming television program on the C.B.C. On the surface, the deal looks pretty good - it's weekly, national, the whole bit. But scratch below that and things get pretty depressing. Reason (1) the show will be rated on a week to week basis, and if it bombs just once, it's all over now baby blue. (2) the mortality rate for a locally produced show for the C.B.C. is about as high as for that teenybopper group that's practising in the basement next door. It's a pretty sure bet that neither of them will be around next week. And as if that weren't enough, rumours are that all is not well between Mulligan and the other people at 'LG. (could it be that he's giving them an inferiority complex?) Anyway, here's hoping that his show will be an exception or at least that all the gossip is really bullshit. Guys like Terry are truly needed around here. In the future, maybe others will join him and one day soon we'll be able to say that when it comes to music in Canada, Vancouver is where it all happens. (no applause, please)

News from New York via Richard Robinsons POP WIRE SERVICE:

→

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(PWS) Traffic, one of Britains most highly rated groups, officially disbanded last week. The announcement was made in London just as the group's new single, "Medicated Goo", was released and their current album, "Traffic", continued up the charts. Originally formed in 1967 when Stevie Winwood split with the Spencer Davis Group, to join forces with Jim Capaldi, Chris Wood, and Dave Mason, the group scored heavily with live performances and several hit singles. Winwood says that he will continue as a single performer.

(PWS) In Nashville, Leonard Cohen is finishing up his second album. This one will contain several new tunes, including "Bird on The Wire", a song Cohen wrote for Judy Collins.

(PWS) Doors guaranteed $50,000 plus percentage of gate to play the 20,000 seat Madison Square Garden in New York City.

(PWS) Jimi Hendrix given a huge birthday party recently in New York when he turned 23. The Airplane, Country Joe and Paul Butterfield were among the many artists who dropped by to wish Jimi a happy birthday during the all night party at a local rock night club.

(PWS) Fleetwood Mac's new album, "English Rose" will feature a cover photo of the group in drag

(PWS) Noel Redding in London preparing to record his first solo album with the help of the Move and Traffic members.

On the glass tit:

Saturday--Club Six (9:30)
Sunday--Mickey Mouse celebrates his tenth year on the other side of the Generation Gap (6 p.m., channel 2)
Monday--Tiny Tim on Laugh-In
Thursday--"Xmas Remembered" by Pierre Berton, W. O. Mitchell and Morley Callaghan. (10:30 p.m., channel 8).
Friday--Late show Double Feature is "Cat Woman of the Moon" and "Voodo Man" with Bela Lugosi (channel 8).

The "Two Virgins" l.p. by John and Yoko (with that nasty, nasty cover) arrived in the mail last week and is now handed around among the G. S. staff....perverts all. I passed out while listening; to it (could that mean something?) and therefore, haven't got too much to say about it as yet, except maybe that it's...eh... ...well, unique.

POPPIN'POOP--Supremes have made a commercial for a deoderant, in which they bare their armpits in front of a live audience. And Joe DiMaggio did one for new Blue Brylcreem which "Puts a shine in grey hair" (and anything else that needs greasin' up). Hope that all of you have a merry (ho ho) Christmas (yes, even you Mr. Wonder) and best of luck in the New Year. Keep in mind that Dec. 26th is Henry Millers Birthday.

Even if you don't have a booking for them, how about phoning your favorite group and wishing them a prosperous new year:

BLACK SNAKE BLUES BAND - 688-3809
MOCK DUCK - 987-0624
MOTHER TUCKERS YELLOW DUCK - 732-7565
PAINTED SHIP - 278-6354
PAPA BEARS MEDICINE SHOW - 685-3271
SEEDS OF TIME - 437-4331
SPRING - 736-0877
TOMORROWS EYES - 524-1232
WINTERS GREEN - 435-6380
YELLOW BRIQUE ROAD - (Tim) 688-7638

P.S. (last minute) The Canned Heat will be at the Gardens following Muddy Waters.

********Fantastic happening at the Circus on New Years Eve. Five or more bands will appaer, including: Seeds of Time--Papa Bears--Spring--Tomorrows Eyes--& Cast of Thousands.....there will be food and stuff too!!!!!
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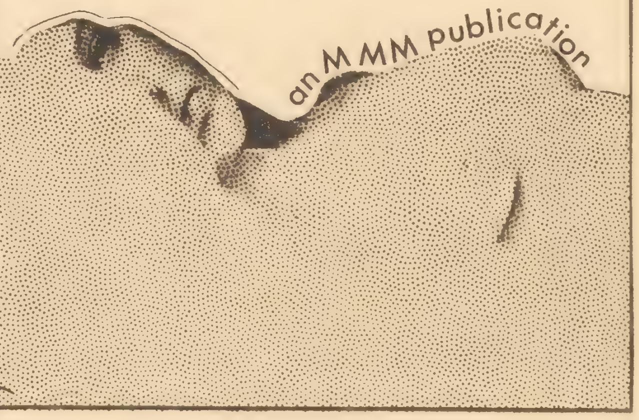

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SEXUAL GEURRILLAS

MISS AMERICA 1967

by Melody Kilian

We must soon state clearly to ourselves and to men that one of the main objectives of the women's movement is to find ways of loving men, of loving together with men, in the context of this present society.

The old role structures for male and female are so rigid and restrictive, so destructive to love, that for revolutionaries,male and female, long-term trusting relationships seem impossible. In fact, if love is sought in the context of the role relationships offered by society, it is clearly counterrevolutionary.

If we are to begin to develop a strategy for love as revolutionaries, if we are to make a kind of personal revolution that will free us to love now and in a new society, we must carefully analyze what happens in the old role relationships that makes love impossible.

Autonomy has been a key word in our movement for liberation. Financial autonomy, intellectual autonomy, emotional autonomy—all of these have been discussed. Autonomy is self-affirmation, self-determination, the ability to say: "This is who I am, separate from you or anyone else. This is my identity, of my own. These are my own special qualities, my gifts to you, which enable me to accept yours. Here I am, strong, on my own two feet. Without you, I am still someone. Without you, I know who I am. With you I am more than myself."

Women have traditionally had to say, "Without you, I am no one, and nothing. I need you and cannot be without you. If you leave me I am frightened and alone."

All children begin by saying this to their mothers, but girl children are socialized for autonomy much less than are boys. Actually, most people in this society transfer their security to institutions, authority figures, and the "system". It must be true that revolutionaries, male and female, are the few really autonomous individuals in the society. That is perhaps why Che Guevara called revolutionaries "the highest form of mankind."

Love for revolutionaries must be based on the ability to *act* together. And yet to act lovingly is clearly impossible if one is more autonomous than another, or if neither is autonomous.

So many discussions in women's meetings have assumed that men are more autonomous and freer to act. If we cannot see how oppressive our own dependency has been and is, we can never liberate ourselves from it. Men have traditionally had to say: "I know you need me. I am conscious of your need every moment I am away from you. If I leave you I know you are abandoned, therefore I am never free of you. If something should happen to me, I know you will be helpless. Therefore I must be careful."

It is easy to see that the role of husband is counter-revolutionary and that in fact any man who is playing it can never take revolutionary action.

The men who have ridiculed the women's movement or have failed to see the political relevance of women's liberation, must understand that none of us is free until the women have autonomy. Unfortunately, this means that men will have to move over to make room for us, and their resistance to doing that may separate us for a while.

Of course, women can use women's liberation groups oppressively rather than freeingly—to gain more power in marriages that have become power struggles precisely because of the stress the roles cause.

We can "demand" help with housework, etc., backed up by our "theory" reference group for women who would otherwise be isolated in their marriages. But the demands may be only another weapon in women's oppression of men, oppression based on the old need to possess men. Our theory will only free us if it helps find new ways to act lovingly.

There are revolutionaries in every nation—and there are some individuals, male and female, in our own movement—who have chosen to avoid traditional roles by avoiding lasting love relationships. And indeed, the roles are so strong it is no wonder that almost every memorable revolutionary (and every *female* revolutionary, e.g. Rosa Luxemberg) has lived essentially alone.

YOUR DUTY TO SCREW

Some men in the movement are able to be honest and open about this choice. They can say to us,"My first commitment is to the movement, baby. I am screwing you because I am screwing you, not because I feel very much for you. I cannot allow myself to begin to know you or love you (which, even with autonomy, means accepting responsibility—that is, responding to you). I have sexual needs like anyone else, so it is your duty to the movement to screw with me and not to ask me to stay with you or even to treat you in a very human manner."

No wonder many women in the movement are dissatisfied with their supportive and ancillary role. Left-wing objectification is still objectification, and it is very degrading and painful. And where does the commitment of a revolutionary come from, if he is unable or unwilling to love?

There is a danger that the women's movement will become simply the demand to have the right to say the same thing back to men. It is a very real danger because it is *true* that in the context of the old role relationships really committed militant political women cannot have publicly acknowledged, long-term sexual relationships with men and maintain their political identities and activities.

The roles are so strong that in order to resist them we are going to have to become real sexual guerrillas, or love guerrillas. As soon as two people enter into a publicly acknowledged long-term sexual relationship almost all the other people around, and every institution and custom and value and norm of this society, begin to stereotype them into the traditional husband-wife roles. The tide is almost irresistible. The awareness and intent of the two people involved almost doesn't matter.

They are seen as each other's sexual property. Marx knew this and wrote about the abolition of marriage, but this whole area has not really been seriously investigated by the Left. The process begins, quite clearly, when people *own* sexual rights over each other, when people are perceived as *owning* each other.

(I am not going to make an argument here for promiscuity. Nor am I arguing *against* it. It is difficult to assess what it would or could do for people with our socialization. In the past in our society it has depended upon the degrading and objectification of some women who become common sexual property. In our movement it has mostly taken the cold and impersonal form described above. It is hard to see how promiscuous sex can avoid being alienated sex. In any case, it is not very relevant here simply because it does not seem to be what most radical women want.)

As soon as one is perceived of as someone's property, one loses one's ties and contacts with people outside the central relationship. For various reasons, others withdraw from those in dual relationships to some extent. Particularly, I think, *women* lose their contacts with others in the "outside" world. Intellectual friendships they may have with men and close friendships with other women are undermined.

Autonomy is based upon the individual's meaningful relationships with others. The self, one's knowledge of oneself, is only a reflection of oneself in others. If one defines his or her identity through only *one* other, one is nuclear and dependent. If one has extensive ties with others one can realize all of his or her potential selves.

For children growth into autonomy is clearly emergence out of the nuclear family. This dichotomy, *nucleus versus community*, is the key to breaking the role structure.

The husband-wife roles are nuclear family again, bringing the individual full circle, back to the child's state.

The place to break the circle is obviously with the children, to socialize the autonomy by raising children in communities, so they grow without dependencies on the mother-father figures, so that their universe is very large and includes a lot of people in a new type of extended family.

Households must certainly be democratized, and we should begin to think of co-op households based on a conscious attempt to break down male-female, husband-wife roles.

Everyone in the movement, including "single" men and women, must take responsibility for the communal socialization of the movement's children—so that *they* do not become nuclearized and so that they do not depoliticize their biological parents.

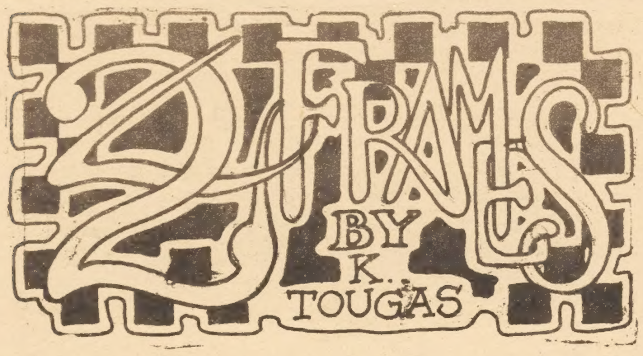
We *need* the children. They are potentially the new autonomous people of the new society. Spending time with them, with or without their biological parents, must be recognized as revolutionary activities for everyone.

Movement women must find ways of maintaining their financial autonomy, without having to accept counterrevolutionary jobs. This is a difficult problem for everyone in the movement, but I think it may be harder for women.

And perhaps harder to achieve than shared work and self-support are new attitudes *in ourselves*.

One important function of women's liberation groups can be to make us all aware of stereotyping and of property attitudes in interpersonal relationships. We all need to challenge each other (and to *take responsibility*, as a community, for doing it!) when one of the men expresses the attitude that one of the women is an extension of the man she loves, or when one of the women is possessive of the man who loves her.

In this way, if we denuclearize ourselves as a movement and begin to *live* community, we can learn ways of making our revolution together. I do not believe it can be done otherwise. Commitment and love cannot be mutually exclusive, but in fact must be one.



The Shoes of the Fisherman
Directed by Michael Anderson; at the Strand
Secret Ceremony at the Odeon

The distinction in the screen version of Morris West's *The Shoes of the Fisherman* lies in its drama and not its theme. The movie's content generally forms around caricatures and tenuous plot lines, while its enactment via Quinn, Olivier, Werner, de Sica and McKern converges on the dramatic and the heroic.

As long as the plot involves the study of a man undergoing a rapid transformation from political prisoner through to papal office (thus grandeur and power) the film remains captivating. Drama and interest are provided only by personal sphere or the relationships of a select few people. The contrivance results from the very hasty ascent of this Russian prisoner and his immediate confrontation, as Pope, with a world crisis, namely the impending World War III. The impression persists that the entire rapid elaboration is simply designed to establish the final scene, rather than this scene being the effective culmination of the entire movie.

The portrayal of Kiril Lakota (an amalgam of John XXIII, Slavic Archbishop Mindszenty, and Cardinal Agagianian of the Eastern church, plus a "perfect" pope) by Anthony Quinn qualifies each stage of this momentous transformation with great impact and reserve. The parallel of Russian political prisoner in a labour camp and prisoner of the Vatican is reflected and intensely developed in this characterization. Kiril serving 20 years in the wastes of Siberia has only known personal relationships, acting through his contact with Christians. Thus, the Pope's effective escape incognito into the streets of Rome reveals this desire to regain contact with human beings, his people; an adventure to be spoiled only by instant-marriage-advice that is impersonal rather than personal as intended. However, as a man turned Pope, closeness must be translated into the general —the expression of this being the final scene of denial and extreme charity intended to feed the gaping mouths of China.

The loneliness of his search from Siberia to Sistine Chapel prompts an association with another prisoner — this time intellectually — Father Telemond, a fictional representation of the philosopher-theologian Teilhard de Chardin. Telemond's (literally "tell the world") ideas and arguments reflect the crux of ever-progressing concepts in a system, in this case a religious establishment; proposals censured by a Vatican investigating committee headed by Cardinal Leone thinly disguising the ultra-conservative watchdog in the Vatican, Cardinal Ottaviani. While it is unfortunate that only a broken glimpse of de Chardin's progressive evolution from Alpha to Omega is afforded the viewer, Oscar Werner as the sick young priest emphasizes a personal tragedy that joins with Kiril's. Their concepts often oppose (although the Pope later voices similar words) but their mutual search makes their screen relationship thoroughly satisfactory.

However, the personal relationships with both Russian and Chinese heads of state are faulty. Peng is simply a strutting caricature of a young Chinese Chairman. Little else needs to be added. On the other hand, Sir Laurence Olivier as Premier Piotr Ilyich Kamenev (a masked version of Khrushchev) is disappointing because scripted affirmations remain poor substitutes for dialogue and action—the personal level is attempted on a scripted basis, but not physically or emotionally. The relation former interrogator-torturer and victim should be intense; mutual respect and hatred is voiced but not authentic. Yet they are both Russians, and have at one point a common goal: the two opposing characters stand together to face China's starving plea and ultimatum. Unfortunately, the director was too willing to lean on two figureheads in a faltering thematic context and so dismiss the personal which is the true and only attraction of the spectacle.

In a like manner, the triangular involvement of the TV-journalist George Faber falters because the personal is replaced by one-dimensional television melodrama. Not only is the entire scripting of the Faber complex trite, but it detracts from his real position in the film as narrator/chorus: narrator — to succinctly explain the complex Vatican procedure; and chorus — to voice and illustrate popular opinion with regard to these procedures and the pontifical elections. Thus, his marked disbelief and surprise with the election of Kiril Lakota, a Russian, to the papal position (which even today remains tenanted by an Italian) mirrors that of the world.

Only in one instance is the drama extended to a general action, to the world. However, this renouncing of wealth in aid of the hungry in fact not only stems from a personal crisis, but requires it. Only the personal tumult and personal sincerity of the tormented, segregated Pope adequately prepares for the emotional impact of the final scene. Any other representation would be trivial in comparison.

It is the troubled man — quite cut off from the world yet whose responsibility is to the world — who is the object of this film; all other embellishments can be casually dismissed. The fascinating Vatican, the dignity and symbolism of its rituals so often accused of being outdated, the sincerity of the electoral procedures, serve as backdrops for single men, quite alone. *The Shoes of the Fisherman* is not a religious film, but simply about men. It is only unfortunate that in the final analysis a film will have no effect on the spectator: its message of charity will be nodded with and then will desappear in the same way as Christmas, only signalled by some eager decorated trees on downtown department stores.... In any case, despite its faults this film is the best advance-ticket show in town if you absolutely insist on paying for one.

Joseph Losey's *Secret Ceremony* is a mood-piece that nears excellence. He has a feeling for an atmosphere and entourage, conveying the essence in his photography — it is prevalent mystery without mysteriousness; elusive.

The ceremony is the uniting of heiress Cence (Mia Farrow) woman-child without mother, with Leonora (Elizabeth Taylor) an aging prostitute who has lost her only child: emotional and affective substitutions. However, the actual character, protagonist, is Cenci's Edwardian mansion. This is the presence that instills the sense of foreboding in most every sequence of the film. Losey's tactile camera wanders through it, wandering like a child in paradise, embracing the volumes, depths, the surfaces, brushing each object, caressing colours contrasting and complimentary, touching sparkling, heavy, cut crystal and serence silver, exploring the blue and emerald green tiles, the dark and light polished woods... As for the child, the sunlit upstairs is friendly, warm and the downstairs dark, with its eerie panelled walls... Through the passageways, fluid motion, as if underwater; greenish hues outdoors; the spa;

Impressions, moods, Losey almost succeeds. His introductive sequence, despite the overworked soundtrack, is perfect, establishing the ominous meeting, the strangeness and impact later to slowly open like a flower. The relationship grows within the mansion and always it remains intangible: Cenci is both child-like and devishly mature, both pretending and knowing that she's pretending, a fantasy that continuously brushes reality. Contrary to most of the production stills, is not about lesbians — it both hints about such a relationship and then progresses above it; all moral implications are confused, the film simply remains menacingly sensual.

Pretending her mother is still alive, and playing her own seduction, rape and pregnancy, Mia Farrow, post-Rosemary, is superb, her features skipping from clown-like playfulness to delicate innocence, her face, a Raphaelite child. Reflecting both promiscuity and innocence she is certainly a most fascinating screen presence.

Other than the uncomfortable casting of Pamela Brown, Peggy Ashcroft and Robert Mitchum, Elizabeth Taylor is a walking hulk that doesn't know what she's doing with her feet or her mouth; she's great as long as she shuts up. Losey however seems to play the atrocity of Liz against the wealth of life, mannerisms and fancies of Mia, just another in the film's long line of opposites and contrasts.

Contrasting black and whites are however the most apparent of Losey's techniques, but while interesting, the result is *Marienbad* manque. Yet, within the mansion setting the emphasis is justified: continual fluctuation between demonic and innocence, worldliness and purity.

Secret Ceremony starts with a christening ceremony, the water on the child as symbol of life and purity from darkness. Leonora's child died by drowning, and as the Cenci relationship develops and conflicts, its effective termination is at a seaside resort. Yet, Cenci's suicide, unlike Leonora's "dismissal", is gratuitous, and so is, in its wake, the stabbing of the interfering stepfather Albert. Yet, most potent at the hour of death, Losey's moods flourish: the vacated house becomes a grandiose tomb for its mistress, the shadows absolving the mystery...

The only true frailty of the film lies in the lagging or the let-up of those beautiful moods. The central body of the film slows down, the crispness of the beginning is lost, and only a shift to the pastel grandeur of the French spa again uplifts the action. Losey shifts needlessly from one style and moos to another, losing at times the true element of support for the entire work. A partial success, but certainly one of the most sincere works in this style of cinema.

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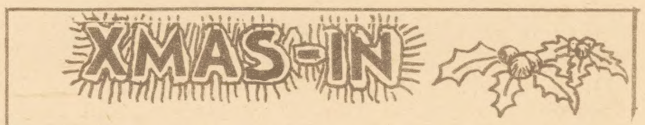

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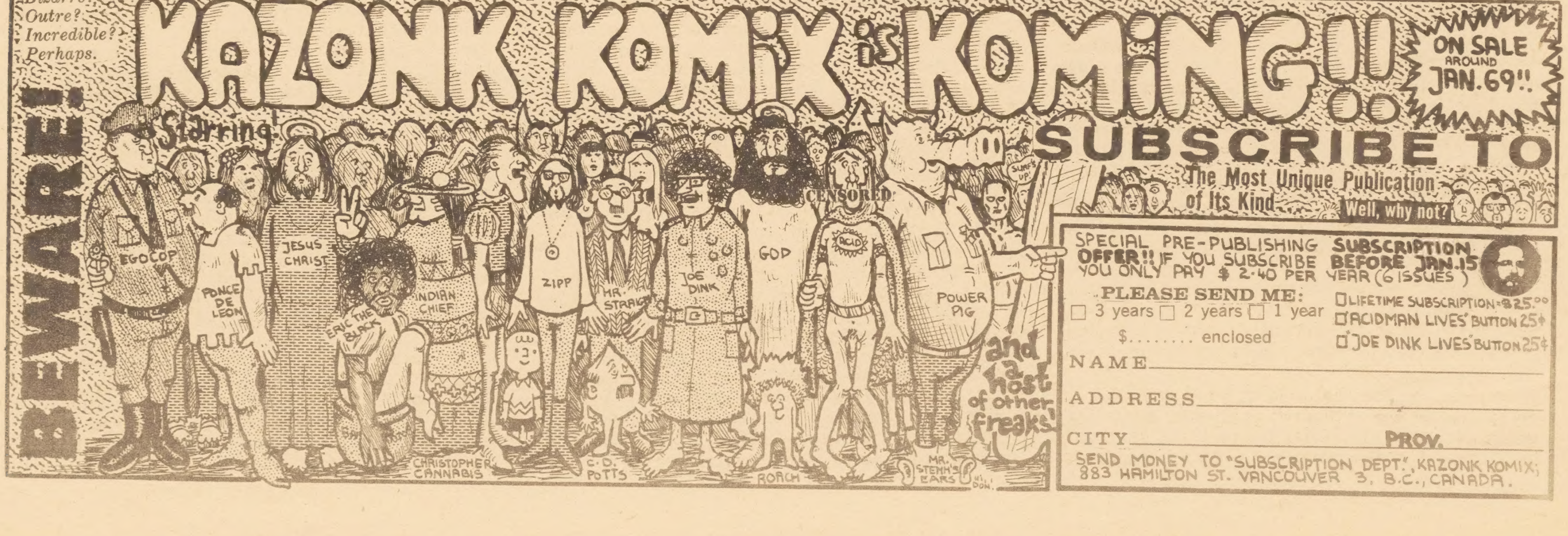

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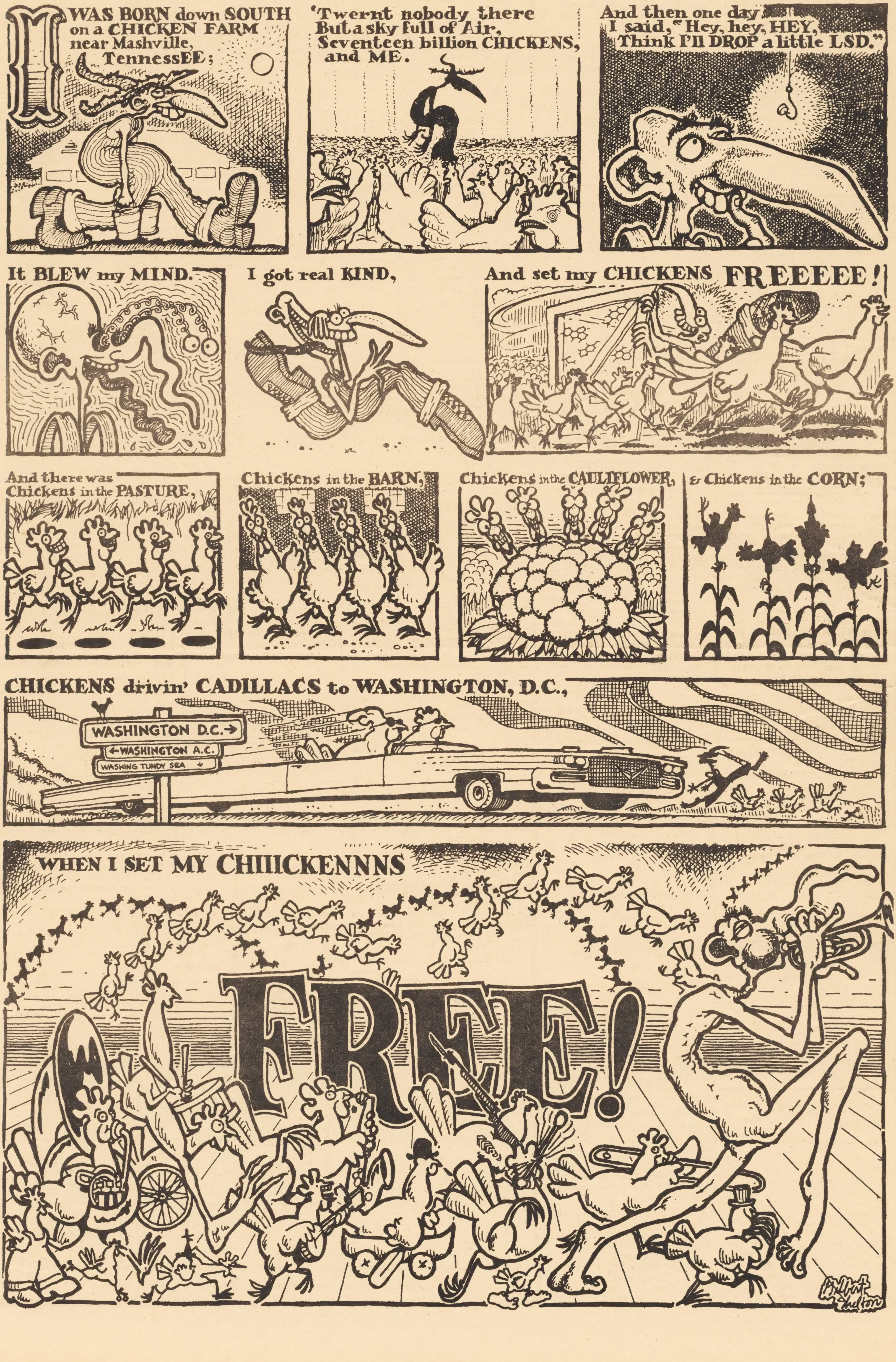
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And then one day I said, "Hey, hey, HEY, Think I'll DROP a little LSD."
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I got real KIND,
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